Now if you are a maide, answer to this.

Hero I talkt with no man at that hower my lord.

Prince Why then are you no maiden. Leonato,
I am sory you must heare: vpon mine honor,
My selfe, my brother, and this grieued Counte
Did see her, heare her, at that howre last night,
Talke with a ruffian at her chamber window,
Who hath indeede most like a liberall villaine,
Confest the vile encounters they haue had
A thousand times in secret.

Iohn Fie, fie, they are not to be named my lord,
Not to be spoke of,
There is not chastitie enough in language,
Without offence to vtter them: thus pretty lady,
I am sory for thy much misgouernement.

Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou bin,
If halfe thy outward graces had bin placed,
About thy thoughts and counsailes of thy heart?
But fare thee well, most foule, most faire, farewell
Thou pure impietie, and impious puritie,
For thee ile locke vp all the gates of Loue,
And on my eie-liddes shall Conjecture hang,
To turne all beautie into thoughts of harme,
And neuer shall it more be gracious.

Leonato Hath no mans dagger here a point for me.

Beatrice Why how now cosin, wherfore sinke you down?

Bastard Come let vs go: these things come thus to light,
Smother her spirits vp.

Benedicke How doth the Lady?

Beatrice Dead I thinke, help vncle,
Hero, why Hero, vncle, signior Benedicke, Frier.

Leonato O Fate! take not away thy heauy hand,
Death is the fairest couer for her shame
That may be wisht for.

Beatrice How now cosin Hero?

Frier Haue comfort lady.

Leonato Dost thou looke vp?

Frier

Frier Yea, wherefore sh

Leonato Wherfore? why
Cry shame vpon her? coul
The story that is printed i
Do not liue Hero, do not
For did I thinke thou wo
Thought I thy spirites we
My selfe would on the re
Strike at thy life. Grieued
Chid I for that at frugall
O one too much by thee:
Why euer wast thou loue
Why had I not with chari
Tooke vp a beggars issue
Who smirched thus, and
I might haue said, no part
This shame deriues it selfe
But mine and mine I lou
And mine that I was pro
That I my selfe, was to m
Valewing of her, why she
Into a pit of incke, that th
Hath drops too few to w
And salt too little, which
To her foule tainted flesh

Ben. Sir, sir, be patien
der, I know not what to

Beat. O on my soule

Bene. Lady, were you

Beat. No truly, not alt
I haue this twelue month

Leon. Confirmd, conf
Which was before bard
Would the two princes li
Who loued her so, that sp
Washt it with teares hen

Frier Heare me a little
giuen way vnto this cours
haue markt,